

DIME NOVEL ROUND-UP



A monthly magazine devoted to the collecting, preservation and literature of the old-time dime and nickel novels, libraries and popular story papers.

Vol. 36, No. 2

February 15, 1967

Whole No. 413

The Anatomy of Dime Novels

No. 6 — Kit Carson

By J. Edward Leithead



DIME NOVEL SKETCHES NO. 86

LOG CABIN LIBRARY — OLD LOG CABIN

The first dime novel series published by Street & Smith. Began March 20, 1889 with black and white covers. Sold for 10c, 32 pages, 8½x11½. Covers of later issues were in color and title was changed to OLD LOG CABIN. The last issue in weekly format was No. 456 dated Dec. 8, 1897. A pocket edition was commenced the week after and lasted about 320 issues reprinting stories from the original weekly. This series provided severe competition to Frank Tousey's New York Detective Library featuring stories of the Daltons opposite James Boys Stories in the Frank Tousey publication.

The Anatomy of Dime Novels

No. 6 — Kit Carson

By J. Edward Leithead

The trappers and the fur traders of the Far West were the heroes of many a dime novel. One of the most famous of these mountain men seems to have had but a single novel devoted to him — Jim Bridger, sometimes called "Old Gabe," a great Indian-fighter and trapper captain, first white man to report the Great Salt Lake and the wonders of the Yellowstone country, which weren't at first believed. He established Fort Bridger, Wyoming, and the Army of the Frontier often required his scouting services. So, also, did the surveyors of the Union Pacific Railroad when seeking the best grades for the roadbeds. Old Gabe knew that country. Yet the only record of him that I can find in the old libraries is No. 225 of Munro's Ten Cent Novels, entitled, *Old Jim Bridger, or, Death in the Canon*, by L. C. Carleton (Edward S. Ellis). It is quite possible, of course, that Bridger is a character in other novels that do not bear his name.

Kit Carson, that small but mighty mountain man, scout, Indian-fighter and all-around frontiersman, fared much better in the libraries. He stepped onto the stage of our American wilderness after Davy Crockett's heroic exit—a young trapper, Kit had been awaiting his cue in the wings. I've sometimes wondered that there wasn't a weekly issued in his name, detailing his adventures, true or fictional. What a chance for good artists like Charles L. Wrenn and Marmaduke Russell to do striking color covers! Kit certainly knew the West at its wildest, he fought the Northern Plains tribes, and the Southern Plains

tribes as well. Yet many of them had a high regard for him, and so did most white men who were his contemporaries. As chief meat-getter for Bent's Fort on the Arkansas, built by the trader brothers, William and Charles Bent, Carson had the opportunity to meet and mingle with noted Indian chiefs and warriors, Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Crows, Blackfeet, and equally noted mountain men like Tom Fitzpatrick and Joe Meek.

A quiet man but deadly in tight quarters, that was Kit. The flintlock had been replaced as a weapon by the percussion-cap rifle, and the Colt's revolving pistol came into use while Carson was riding the Santa Fe Trail with the big, white-topped Murphy freighters. Those were the days of buffalo by the million, and painted Kiowas lying in wait for the unwary — Kiowas and Comanches and Apaches, hundreds of them.

I will mention first a Kit Carson story in De Witt's Ten Cent Novels, No. 118, *Kit Carson's Raid, or, The Scouts of the Frontier*, by Henry L. Williams, Jr. This was reprinted, same title and author, in No. 20 of Street & Smith's Campfire Library, and others followed in that publication: No. 37, *Kit Carson's Pledge, or, The Prince of the Gold Hunters*. A Powerful Novel of Gallant Kit Carson, by Charles A. Averill, No. 52, *Kit Carson's Trail, or, The Hunters of the Rockies*. A Startling Tale of the Famous Pathfinder by Charles A. Averill (while you could call Carson a "pathfinder," I think the title was most often applied to General John C. Fremont, with whom Kit explored

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parts of the West), No. 57, Kit Carson's Gold Train, or, Wild Adventures in the Sierras. A Great Tale of California in the Early Days, by Charles A. Averill. The late W. C. Miller once informed me that the Kit Carson stories by Averill were published in book form long before the dime novel was invented. Averill was writing as early as 1846, which, of course, was during Carson's lifetime.

Beadle & Adams' Biographical Library (later lives of Great Americans) contained the Life of Major-General John C. Fremont, by Lieut. James Magoon (I mention this item because Fremont was so closely associated with Carson), and other Beadle publications issued stories of Kit. Beadle's Pocket Novels had Carson, The Guide, or, The Perils of the Frontier, by Lieut. J. H. Randolph (Edward S. Ellis), which was reprinted, same title, as No. 143 of Beadle's Boy's Library (small size). Beadle's Boy's Library (large size) published as No. 15, Kit Carson, King of Guides, or, Mountain Paths and Prairie Trails, by Albert W. Aiken; reprinted in the small-sized edition as No. 3, same title.

Beadle's Dime Library No. 3 was Kit Carson, Jr., the Crack Shot of the West. A Romance of the Lone Star State, by Buckskin Sam (Major Sam S. Hall), with the rather unusual note beneath the author's name on the inner title page, "Right of Dramatization Reserved by the Author." This is not a Kit Carson tale, but a story of the Texas Rangers. One of the younger Rangers is nicknamed "Kit Carson, Jr." The celebrated Big Foot Wallace is a character in the story, which was founded on fact. The buckskin man in the woodcut illustration on the cover, however, looks very much like authentic pictures I have seen of the real Carson, clean-shaven.

Most dime novel artists seem not to have had much idea of Kit's size or how he looked. Usually he is depicted as too large, often full-bearded and while I haven't a doubt Kit sometimes let his beard grow when on the trail, daguerrotypes of the period

show him with just a neatly trimmed mustache or shaved clean, and hair worn long but not shoulder length. I believe Kit Carson's hair and mustache were sandy-colored, but in these pictures they appear dark brown or black.

There is a good photo of Kit, sans mustache, in uniform as Colonel of the New Mexico Volunteers, who rounded up war-making Navajos and Apaches during the War Between the States. Adobe Walls was the scene of a battle between several thousand redskins and Col. Carson's much smaller force; it is said the howitzers the soldiers had brought along saved them from annihilation. This was not the Adobe Walls fight in which Bat Masterson and the buffalo hunters stood off a far superior force of Quanah Parker's Comanches, and, I think, some Kiowas for good measure. Previous to the Civil War Kit Carson had been Indian Agent. By the end of the War he was Brigadier-General Carson.

Beadle's Dime Library No. 68 was The Fighting Trapper, or, Kit Carson to the Rescue, by Captain J. F. C. Adams (Edward S. Ellis). There was a series of Kit Carson stories in Munro's Ten Cent Novels: No. 229, Kit Carson's Bride, or, The White Flower of the Apaches. A Tale of Indian Adventure, by George L. Aiken (Kit was married twice, to an Arapahoe girl, Grass Singing, the first time, later to a Spanish lady, Maria Josefa, residing at Taos), No. 230, Kit Carson, the Scout, or, The Knight of the Prairie, by Captain Latham C. Carlton (Edward S. Ellis), No. 253, Kit Carson on the Warpath, by the author of "Bob Carson's Trail" (Edward S. Ellis), No. 318, Kit Carson's Rangers, by Charles Kyle.

I have at hand no factual material to support my thought that somewhere, sometime I heard or read that Kit Carson had a son—Kit, Jr. I'm not confusing this boy with Kit Carson Cody, Buffalo Bill's only son, who died at a very early age. Since Carson's Arapahoe wife died, leaving him with a small daughter to look af-

ter, if I'm not in error and there was a son, Maria Josefa must have been his mother. She came of an eminent Spanish family.

The late Prof. Johannsen in his bibliographic listing of The Nickel Library says, in part of this publication, "On June 29, 1877, they (The Pictorial Printing Co. of Chicago) began publishing and selling for 5 cents, a 32 page octavo series entitled The Nickel Library, the first of the popular five cent novels which afterwards flooded the country. Beadle (and Adams) met this competition by beginning on October 5, 1877, a new 16 page quarto, The Half-Dime Library. Both of these series of five cent novels paid so well that they ran for years"

In The Nickel Library appeared the following Kit Carson stories, reprinted several times:

No. 43—Kit Carson's Last Bullet, or, The Fate of the Wagon Train. By Marline Manly (St. George Rathborne). Reprinted Nos. 385, 688, 915.

No. 107—The Money-Maker, or, Kit Carson's Rifle. By Marline Manly (St. George Rathborne). Reprinted Nos. 462, 743.

No. 140—Kit Carson's Ghost, or, The Skeleton Tracker. By Marline Manly (St. George Rathborne). Reprinted No. 499.

No. 252—Kit Carson's Vow, or, Redpath of the Plains. By Col. Dimon Dana (?). Reprinted Nos. 604, 857.

Another important "nickel novel" series issued by the same publishers "was The Little Chief Library, which was begun September 15, 1886, and continued for 296 numbers." There were some new Kit Carson stories in this library and a few reprinted from The Nickel Library.

The Little Chief Library:

No. 1—Kit Carson's Grip, or, The Rocky Mountain Pathfinder. By C. Leon Meredith (George E. Blakelee). Reprinted No. 190 LCL.

No. 12—Kit Carson's Foe, or, The Red Tiger of the Rockies. By Major A. F. Grant (T. C. Harbaugh). Reprinted No. 188 LCL.

No. 26—Kit Carson's Best Shot, or, The Mad Man of the Mountains. By

C. Leon Meredith (George E. Blakelee). Reprinted No. 189 LCL. Woodcut illustration shows a chunky trapper and Kit with feathers in his long hair, wrapped in a blanket, with a quiver of arrows slanted from one shoulder. Caption: "Fatty Browse Sold. He Meets Kit Carson in Disguise."

No. 184—Kit Carson, the Border Boy. By C. Leon Meredith (Geo. E. Blakelee).

No. 185—Kit Carson, the Young Hunter. By C. Leon Meredith (G. E. Blakelee).

No. 186—Kit Carson's Last Bullet, or, The Fate of the Wagon Train. By Marline Manly (St. George Rathborne). Reprinted from The Nickel Library.

No. 187—Kit Carson's Ghost, or, The Skeleton Tracker. By Marline Manly (St. George Rathborne). Reprinted from The Nickel Library.

No. 188—Kit Carson's Foe, or, The Red Tiger of the Rockies. By Major A. F. Grant (T. C. Harbaugh). Reprint of No. 12 LCL.

No. 189—Kit Carson's Best Shot, or, The Mad Man of the Mountains. By C. Leon Meredith (George E. Blakelee). Reprint of No. 26 LCL.

No. 190—Kit Carson's Grip, or, The Rocky Mountain Pathfinder. By C. Leon Meredith (George E. Blakelee). Reprint of No. 1 LCL.

No. 191—Kit Carson's Vow, or, Redpath of the Plains. By Col. Dimon Dana (?). Reprinted from The Nickel Library.

"The Little Chief Library," stated Prof. Johannsen, "ended in April, 1892, but (George E.) Blakelee at once, in May, started a new series, The Border Boys Library, in which stories from The Little Chief were reprinted, but it did not last long and ended in November, 1892." However, it published two new Kit Carson stories:

The Border Boys Library:

No. 1—Kit Carson's Leap, or, Riflemen of Russell's Ranch. By C. Leon Meredith (George E. Blakelee).

No. 5—Kit Carson's Pledge, or, The Human Porcupine. By C. Leon Mere-

dith (George E. Blakelee).

There is a story that has been told many times about Kit Carson (whether true or not), which I think will stand repetition here. Someone once handed Carson a dime novel with a cover illustration showing a big buck-skin-clad frontiersman rescuing a girl from rampaging redskins under the most desperate circumstances. It must have been a black-and-white dime novel, since Kit died at Fort Lyon on the Arkansas in 1868, long before the time of the color cover novel. Carson put on his steel-rimmed spectacles and studied the woodcut illustration. "Says here," he remarked, "it's supposed to be me—the big fellow. Too big." Silence then, until he finally looked up. "Well, that there might've happened sometime, but I don't recall it."

Frank Tousey published, in his numerous story papers, libraries and weeklies, a nice little bunch of Kit Carson tales:

Young Men of America

#66-74 Kit Carson's Kit, or, The Young Army Scout. By Frank Forrest. Reprinted PL 395, PL 1196.

#556-563 Kit Carson's Boys, or, With the Great Scout On His Last Trail. By D. W. Stevens (John R. Musick). Reprinted PL 340, PL 1141.

Boys of New York

#842-354 Kit Carson, the King of the Scouts. By Gaston Garne. Reprinted PL 225, PL 504, PL 1303.

#386-394 Kit Carson's Little Scout, or, The Renegade's Doom. By Gaston Garne. Reprinted Wide Awake Lib. 1157, PL 301, PL 1102.

#745-752 The Boy Rifle Rangers, or, Kit Carson's Three Young Scouts. By Gaston Garne. Reprinted PL 181, PL 982.

#870-877 Kit Carson on a Mysterious Trail, or, Branded a Renegade. By Paul Braddon (Wm. H. Van Orden). Reprinted PL 355, PL 1156.

#925-933 Boy Pards, or, Making a Home on the Border. A True Story of Kit Carson in the Wild Northwest. By John Sherman (St. George Rathborne). Reprinted PL 288, PL 1089.

#990-997 Kit Carson, Jr., in the Wild Southwest, or, The Search for a

Lost Claim. By Paul Braddon (Wm. H. Van Orden). Reprinted PL 406, PL 1207.

Wide Awake Library

No. 828—Kit Carson's Boy Trapper. By Paul Braddon (Wm. H. Van Orden).

No. 862—Out With Kit Carson. A Story of the Early Days of Kansas. By R. T. Emmet (Francis W. Doughty?).

No. 1157—Kit Carson's Little Scout, or, The Renegade's Doom. By Gaston Garne. Reprinted PL 301, PL 1102.

Happy Days

This story paper had only one K. C. item:

#361-364 Kit Carson's Chum, or, A Boy's Fight With Redskins, by Col. Ralph Fenton. It was reprinted as a serial in Wild West Weekly Nos. 506-523.

Col. Hawkins, his daughter Betty, a guide named Bill Hanford, and two servants, Tandy and Hooligan, are trying to find Fort Lipan in the Apache country when overtaken by darkness. A young frontiersman, Budd Brandon, who has recently lent assistance to the famous Kit Carson, caught short of ammunition in an Apache attack, discovers this party of five wandering on the open prairie as if lost. Hanford claims to be a guide, which makes Brandon suspicious of him, particularly when Hanford asserts there are no Indians about. Brandon has reason to know quite the reverse is true.

"You live hereabout?" asked Col. Hawkins. "Can you tell us how far it is to Fort Lipan?"

"Five or six miles but with Indians in the way," replied Budd Brandon. "You'd never get to it afore you'd run afoul of 'Paches."

"If you know of any place of safety near at hand, take us to it," cried the girl. "I trust you, for I feel that you are telling the truth."

"This way, then," said Budd, seizing the bridle of the girl's horse and turning the animal's head. "Follow on, the rest of you, and don't lose no time or you'll have the redskins down on us."

"The colonel trailed his daughter and Brandon, Tandy and Hooligan were next in line, but Hanford held back, growling:

"Well, when I set out to guide this party, I expected to guide it, and not have a boy say what was to be done."

"You'd better come along, Hanford," called the colonel. "The boy lives hereabout and must know."

Budd led the way for a distance of two or three hundred yards, and then suddenly turned, still holding the bridle of the girl's horse . . . It was pitch dark and Betty Hawkins could see nothing, but the young frontiersman presently spoke:

"It's all right. I'll leave you here a minute and go back and get the others. This is my stable. Smells like a cave, eh? Well, it is a cave. Keep still and you'll be all right."

"She heard him go away, but in a short time he returned, low hoofsalls sounding at his heels.

"Here we are, miss. You can get off your horse, and I'll get a light, and then we'll go into the house."

In a moment there was a strong smell of sulphur, and then a burst of flame lit up the faces of the travelers, even the sullen visage of Bill Hanford, and they, in turn, saw young Brandon in fringed buckskins and wolfskin cap, a lithely built youthful figure with long dark hair, holding a flaring torch. And the girl, Betty Hawkins—these two were staring at each other—a most attractive blonde in blue riding habit.

At Budd's direction they started filing up a ladder, toward an open trap-door in the roof of the cavern. The party found themselves in a fair-sized room, the walls of which were logs, a fireplace at one end, a door leading to another room at one side, and near it a second ladder leading to an overhead loft. There was a rough table and a long bench in the room, and around the walls were rude seats made from logs.

"This is my ranch," said Budd, putting the torch in a chink in the wall and kicking the trap-door shut. "I'll get you all somethin' to eat. The hors-

es are all right below, but I'll have a look at 'em buybye."

Budd set cold meat, bread and a battered pot of coffee on the table and invited his guests to sit down and eat, which they were glad to do. A period of getting acquainted followed, Colonel Hawkins explaining that he was to replace the commander at Fort Lipan, whose rank was that of major, and reorganize and strengthen the undermanned post to a point where it could cope with the deadly Apache situation. When young Brandon spoke his own name, the guide, Bill Hanford, was watching him through slitted eyes over a tin of coffee. Budd didn't miss that look.

"This place of mine is pretty safe," Budd said, "as you can't see it from below, bein' built among the rocks. The way in, as you saw, is through that cavern where we left the horses."

"Rather a singular dwelling is it not?" asked Col. Hawkins.

"Reckon it is, but the Injuns burned down t'other one, murdered my folks and carried off my sister, and now I live here while I'm settlin' with them."

"And you hunt for a living?"

"That and other things, and when I run across an Apache I fetch him down. I got a fight on against the Injuns, specially Red Wolf's band. When I bring him down and get back my little sister, I'll be satisfied."

"A strange life for one so young," said the colonel, while Betty regarded the boy with great interest, and at last asked:

"How old is your sister now?" She didn't add, "if she's still alive."

"About the same as you, or a little younger, I reckon. I was just a young un myself when it happened, but for seven years I've been laying up a grudge against the 'Paches and now I'm payin' it off. The older I get the more I know, and it won't be long before I tally on 'em again and get my sister back—if she's livin'."

"And if she's dead?" said the girl in a low tone.

"Then I won't rest till I kill all the redskins this side of the Super-

stitution Mountains, or as many as I can, anyhow,' replied Budd, his face darkening.

"Bill Hanford, the guide, cleared his throat, broke into speech. 'The Injuns are bad enough, I allow, but there's plenty of good ones among 'em, and they're not half as bad as some folks try to make them out. Folks get lost and their friends lay it to whatever tribe is in the region. I don't believe half the stories I hear. I never had trouble with 'em.'

"Then you're lucky," said Budd, looking the man full in the face, 'and you're one hombre in a thousand. Never had no kin of yours hacked to death or burnt at the stake, that's sure.'

"Hanford shook his head, retired with his pipe to the fireplace and sat alone, while Budd, Col. Hawkins and Betty talked together at one end of the table, Tandy and Hooligan still eating at the other end.

"When you feel like turnin' in," said the young frontiersman at length, 'you can do so. The young lady can have t'other room, and Tandy and Hooligan take the loft. You, Colonel, and Hanford, will stay here with me. I'll go down and tend the horses directly.'

"An hour later all was still in the cabin built upon the rocks, the faint light of the torch showing Budd by the fireplace, Col. Hawkins on the long bench with his boots off, and Bill Hanford stretched out on a log seat against the wall.

"Not a sound could be heard except the regular breathing of the sleepers, when suddenly Budd raised his head, sat up, grasped his rifle and listened. In another instant he sprang to his feet, seized the torch from the wall, waved it till it burst into flame, and threw it upon the pile of kindling in the fireplace. As the fire leaped upward there came a wild screech from within the chimney that brought the other sleepers to their feet.

"Injuns!" yelled Budd. 'Now, then, to give 'em a warmin' they'll not forget!'

"Where?" Col. Hawkins wasn't

quite awake.

"One up the chimney," cried Brandon, 'and he'll get it hot whether he comes down or stays up!'

"All tomfoolishness!" snapped Hanford. 'It's a screech-owl blundered in there, somethin' like that. You singed 'im.'

"We'll see!" exclaimed Brandon, as he stirred the fire into a blaze.

"There was a violent scrambling in the chimney and loose stones, dust and soot fell smotheringly, but after a moment or two the fire burned more freely. Tim Hooligan came hastily down the ladder from the loft, crying, 'there's four or five Injuns on the roof and they're tryin' to tear it off with their hatchets! I got no gun, but Tandy's aimin' to shoot the first reddy that shows hisself!'

"First time they ever jumped me here," Budd gritted. 'Grab that axe in the corner, Tim, and watch the fireplace. Colonel, you guard the trapdoor, Hanford—'

"At that moment Betty Hawkins appeared in the doorway between the two rooms. 'Is there danger?'

(to be continued)

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RECENTLY PUBLISHED ARTICLES CONCERNING DIME NOVELS

SPOKE WHEELS, January 1967. HOBBIES—MODEL CARS, by Harry Pulfer. Mr. Pulfer gives a thumb nail sketch of dime novels and shows the connection with the model car hobby by the front cover illustrations of contemporary cars on many dime novels. He mentions the Roundup in a favorable light.

THE ROANOKE TIMES, Friday, November 25, 1966. FATHER OF THE MERRIWELLS. Editorial by James Walsh. A belated tribute to Gilbert Patten and the Merriwell Stories.

(This item was brought to my attention by Ralph P. Smith.)

DIME NOVEL COLLECTORS BOOK SHELF

MASTERPIECES OF SCIENCE FICTION, by Sam Moskowitz. The World Publishing Company, 2231 W. 110th St., Cleveland, Ohio. 552 pages. \$6.50. Once again Mr. Moskowitz in an anthology of science fiction stories excerpts a Frank Reade story, "Lost in a Comet's Tail; or, Frank Reade, Jr.'s Strange Adventure with His Air-Ship." In the introduction to the story he gives an accurate though brief history of the Frank Reade stories and of Luis P. Senarens, the author. It is nice to have a Frank Reade story among the great stories of Jules Verne, H. G. Wells, Edgar Allan Poe, etc.

NEWSY NEWS By Ralph F. Cummings

Lou Kohrt says the only Jesse James he really like to read was the ones published by the Arthur Westbrooke Co., of Clevenland, Ohio, in the Adventure Series, between 1900 and 1925. They were the real thing in his estimation.

Masking tape is no good for novels or story papers. I use tissue tape if I have to, but rather not use any at all if I can get out of it.

James F. Straecker of St. Louis, Mo., had a streak of pneumonia for

6 weeks, he is pulling out of it now, and hopes to be able to get back to work before long, also his collecting of the old timers.

Alla T. Ford of Lake Worth, Fla., lost her mother Oct. 29th. She says her mother was a great collector, had been collecting for 50 years.

Robert McDowell of Jacksonville, Fla., loves to read all of Gerald Mcintosh's reviews in the Roundup on Tip Tops and other stories.

Remember Ray Caldwell of Lancaster, Pa., that died some years ago—his wife died last Sept. 1966. She died after a long illness.

Louis Mitchell of East Hartford, Conn., says he had to chuckle to himself when he spotted in the Sunday newspaper comic section, Jan. 8, 1967, Mickey Finn's Uncle, who cleans out his attic of old Liberty Boys of 76, Diamond Dick, Nick Carter, etc., also a bunch of old comic books, and takes them out in his back yard and makes a bonfire of them, then comes in the house, sits down to read the latest news that his wife brought in, when he gets the shock of his life, for on the front page is the startling headlines of "Old Comic Books and Dime Novels Make Man Rich — Collection Worth \$200,000. So right. How often such as this happens.

People will save old busted up books and school books and destroy old dime and nickel novels and comic books every time.

Ralph F. Adimari says that Phillip S. Warne was none other than Nathan Urner of the old Street & Smith days.

W. R. Johnson, Norman, Okla., says after 35 years it's good to hear from his old side kick, or I should say, long time correspondent, and since I've been in Oklahoma twice, who knows, some day I may be able to get out to see him, for you never can tell, and I don't know myself, but as a fellow says, we can hope for the best so don't give up hopes of meeting your old friend Reckless. My last trip down through Oklahoma to Houston and San Antonio, Texas, which I enjoyed very much, but my trip back home

nearly put me out of commission, for when I left Houston, I came home in 2 days, 2 nights, 7 hours and 10 minutes by bus via Beaumont, Tex., Gulfport, Miss., St. Charles and New Orleans, La., Montgomery, Ala., to Columbus and Atlanta, Ga., and then on up the coast, over 3000 miles, and as a fellow says, no rest, no sleep, eat but very little, no exercise, and to top off everything I had seat partners all the way up to Newark, N. J., the rest of the trip was O.K. except I had to wait for a Worcester Mass. bus, four hours—that day I arrived home I was all O.K. but the next day on, till late last fall, I sure was all knocked out—and sometimes it seems I can feel the effects yet. One thing, I was able to visit with Carl Linville and family in Cincinnati, Ohio, James F. Straecker and Alfred Hupfield in St. Louis, Mo. (although I missed seeing Joseph C. Kaelin and Mrs. Helena Bacatt in St. Louis, never thought of them till I arrived home. I sure was mad that I had forgotten them while I was in the city). Can't remember everything I guess—but I did get to visit with Lou J. R. Kohrt of Houston and Mr. and Mrs. Dorothy Hayner of San Antonio, Texas. I traveled nearly 8000 miles, and I'm still broke from that trip.

Friend Johnson says he had hoped to learn more about Harvey K. Shackleford who wrote for Frank Tousey since his grandson lives in Oklahoma City. He came down there a couple of times, but have not seen him since.

Charles H. Shepherd says his eyes popped when he saw his name in the Roundup of Nov., 1966. He loves to get the old timers, brings him back to the good old days.

Gerald J. McIntosh says on account of poor eyesight, he has been compelled to get out of the dime novel game altogether, as things are, and so on. He loves his Merriwells in Tip Tops, but his eyes won't let him read like he used to, in the old days. He remembers when he and J. P. Guinon

used to swap and what not back in about 1953, and have been great friends ever since. He visited with Lou Kohrt down in Houston, Texas, in 1959, also in 1964.

Ivan Wilson says he loves to read my letters and the Newsy News in the Roundup—he sure misses it.

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